THE THEATRES

B.S.G.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

Salt Lake Theatre—Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Piff, Paff, Pouf."

Orpheum—Vaudeville. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.

Grand—This evening and through Wednesday evening, matinee Wednesday, "Fabio Romani"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Her Fatal Love."

Lyric—This evening and through Friday evening, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, "The Avenue Girls."

Salt Lakers will be interested in the outcome of a struggle between Miss Maude Adams and Mrs. Clarence L. Mackay which is now on on Long Island. The educational authorities of New York are about to establish a new normal school on Long Island. Mrs. Mackay lives at Minneola and Miss Adams' country seat is at Ronkonkoma. One of the two places will be chosen as the site for the new school. Miss Adams wants it at her town; Mrs. Mackay is determined to have it at Minneola. The school will cost $190,000, and will house a large number of students.

The plum is well worth striving for and the people at Albany who are to make the decision are reported as sorely troubled over it. They would like very much to please both Miss Adams and Mrs. Mackay, but this is obviously out of the question. There is a hint that the only way out of the dilemma will be the choice of a neutral location.

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Florence Roberts has rented a New York theatre for a month and will go there soon with "The Strength of the Weak." It is always dangerous to make predictions. The theatrical public is fickle. One can never be certain as to what it is going to like. New York make take to Miss Roberts and "The Strength of the Weak," but the individual is rash indeed who expresses a certainty of this—to Miss Roberts—happy conclusion. The play is well enough acted, but not extraordinarily so. It contains a theme that is as old as the world, a theme that has not the element of cleanliness to recommend it. New York has stood for a lot of plays the outside public—the provinces, if you please—would not have, but every actor and every actress is mad about New York. Miss Roberts is taking what would be called in sporting circles a long chance in going there, when she could continue to draw well and make money in the west. However, if she and her backers are willing to assume the risk, the rest of us ought to be able to sleep well o'nights over it.

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The conference attraction at the Salt Lake theatre will be a big one—B. C. Whitney's "Piff, Paff, Pouf." The advance man says there are seventy people in the company, and certainly the critics have been kind to the production. It is heralded as one of the brightest on the road. There isn't a great deal to talk about at the other theatres.

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Resident Manager Jules F. Bistes of the Orpheum yesterday received a letter from General Manager Martin Beck of the circuit, wherein he stated that he had just reached Chicago after a most successful trip to Europe, where he signed up a number of leading attractions across the Atlantic. These will be seen by Salt Lake audiences here next season, including the famous road show.

PROMISE OF THE THEATRES.

"Piff! Paff! Pouf!"

It is not egotism to say that Fred Mace, the principal comedian of B. C. Whitney's "Piff! Paff! Pouf!" company, which comes to the Salt Lake theatre, Conference week, commencing April 5, for four performances, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, with Saturday matinee, is the most eminent of stage clowns today, and perhaps since the days when George L. Fox's consummate art kept the whole country laughing, none has equalled him. Fox was essentially a pantomimist. His art, although refined, had the flavor of the sawdust. Mace combines elocution with his mimicking. His years of experience on the stage have taught him how to deliver lines effectively, and it is a fact that few actors on our stage today know better than he the tricks of voice modulation and the value of emphasis and of facial expression. Mace says that when a boy he got more whippings than all the rest of the pupils put together, on account of his clowning and making "monkey faces" in school when the teacher's back was turned.

The ability to clown successfully is so rare that since clowning became a recognized school few men have become celebrated who have attempted it. Clowns are born, not made. The art had its birth in the courts of royalty in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when a jester was regularly attached to the retinue of every European sovereign. When royalty was to be entertained, the jester or court clown was relied upon to furnish the comic part of it. From the ancient court jester, with his cock's cap and bells, down the Italian clown, with his baggy pantaloons and cock's comb, the sleek-headed Pierrot of the French and the American circus clown, evolves Fred Mace, the master and embodiment of fine clowning. To be a successful clown is paradoxical. "It takes a wise man to be a fool," said Richard Brinsley Sheridan, speaking of Joe Grimaldi, England's great clown of one hundred and fifty years ago. John Kemble (the noted English actor and brother of Fanny Kemble) exclaimed one night, while standing in the wings watching Grimaldi's drolleries:

"My sister never did anything finer in her life than that man is doing now, in his way."

To George L. Fox unquestionably belongs the honor of being America's foremost pantomine clown. He was born in Boston in 1825, and came from a theatrical family. True American pantomime may be said to date from Fox's occupation as manager of the old Bowery theatre in New York in 1862. The distinctiveness of Fox's school was shown in the makeup of the clown, who has whitened face and bald pate of Pierrot, combined with a dress similar in cut and color to the orthodox Grimaldian.

"Humpty Dumpty" was Fox's crowning success at the old Bowery theatre. It was performed there 943 times. Although best remembered as America's representative clown, Fox was a variously gifted man of remarkably plastic temperament. As compared with Fox, Fred Mace is more the grotesque comedian than the clown, and employs up-to-date methods. He is the modern refined stage clown of the twentieth century—the concentrate outgrowth of five centuries of clowning. Mace certainly possesses in a great degree that rare, subtle force called magnetism. By a grimace or a gesture he can convulse an audience, and every instant that he is on the stage he rivets full attention to himself.

All the world loves a fool.

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"Fabio Romani."

"Fabio Romani" will hold the boards at the New Grand theatre for four nights and Wednesday souvenir matinee commencing tonight. The play is adapted from Marie Corelli's novel, "Vendetta," which created so much comment a few years ago. It is a great drama and is presented by a very capable company, and will undoubtedly draw well during the engagement. The action of the play takes place around Naples, Italy. In the year 1690, when plague was very prevalent. "Fabio Romani" is one of the greatest romantic spectacular melodramas ever written, and the favorite Theo. Lorch company will make a magnificent production of it.

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"Her Fatal Love."

Beginning Thursday, April 5th, "Her Fatal Love," a beautiful play of today, will be the attraction at the New Grand theatre for three nights and souvenir Saturday matinee. In this play lovers of melodrama are treated to stirring climaxes and situations that are seldom seen. "Her Fatal Love" has its sensational moments, but between them are whole acts full of clean comedy and delicate bits of pathos that are irresistible even to the most hard-hearted spectators. It is a play for the people, not for some of the people, but for all the people, from the boy in the gallery to the old man down stairs; a play that after seeing leaves you a better man and woman. Mr. Theo. Lorch and his capable company will present this and they are already assured of large houses.

Miss Violet B. McCoy, Character Singer and Dancer at the New Grand Theatre.

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"Little Johnny Jones."

That tuneful, telling, blues-dispelling musical comedy success from the prolific pen of George M. Cohan, "Little Johnny Jones," is on its way down the Pacific coast, and in the no distant future will turn eastward again, incidentally stopping in this city to give local theatregoers an opportunity to pass judgment on a play that started a laughing-fest in the east over a year and a half ago, and they are still laughing.

The "Little Johnny Jones" company is an organization composed of sixty singing and dancing people, and the production to be shown here is the same one that delighted New Yorkers for more than 600 nights. At the Salt Lake theatre April 10 and 11.

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Vaudeville.

The Orpheum management promises one of the best bills yet at the State street house for conference week, and in order that none of the visitors shall be disappointed daily matinees will be in order on and after Thursday until the following Thursday, with the exception of Sunday, and Monday, when there will be a change of bill. This week's offering will embrace some comedy turns, singing specialties and spectacular novelties. The programme is headed by Charles Sweet, one of the best monologue men on the vaudeville stage today. His act is labelled "The Burglar." The second liner is World and Kingston, who present a bunch of nonsense. John W. World is a singing comedian who is best known as the clown in the big production of "Humpty-Dumpty." Miss Kingston is a singer and dancer of ability. Until recently both were playing leading parts in "Piff! Paff! Pouff!"

Another strong card will be Paul Kleist, for several seasons past a favorite on the Orpheum circuit. His act is promised to be a surprise in the form of a spectacular novelty that is both entertaining and mystifying.

The regular playlet this week will be "The Victor," presented by Edgar Allen and company. The plot is the story of the love of an American for a young girl who is pestered with the attentions of an impecunious French count. The sketch includes some love-making, some good character acting and a strenuous duel with foils.

The next turn is a musical comedy in the hands of Stanley and Wilson, who present "Der Keppelmeister." This act is one the rank-professor-and-swell-singing-lady order, and is one of the best of its kind on the circuit.

Bertha and Bert Grant, the colored swells, is a singing and dancing specialty now touring the circuit, and which was booked prior to the opening of the Salt Lake house.

The kinodrome will present two motion picture dramas in the form of "Post No Bills" and "The Dream of the Racetrack Field." The latter includes a sail down the North river in a private yacht and the audience gets a panorama view of the points of interest, including a number of famous yachts lying at anchor. As the climax the "fiend" attempts to salute some of the New York Yacht club cutters and falls overboard, to wake up in a tub of water beside his bed.

Willard Weihe's orchestra will render "Midsummer Night's Dream" as one of its offerings during the evening.

KATHRYN OSTERMAN of the Piff! Paff! Pouf! Co

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Scarcely a day goes by that Miss Maude Adams does not receive a half dozen letters about "Sally in Our Alley," the old song which she sings in one scene of "Peter Pan." While these letters make a request it is usually that Miss Adams shall sing a particular verse of "Sally in Our Alley." The song, it seems, is half a century or more old. Like all folk songs, its verse have grown as it has passed from mouth to mouth. In Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" the ballad is printed in four stanzas, but Miss Adams in singing it in this year's play has brought out the interesting fact that the little tune has sung its way into several more metrical thoughts. Many of the letter writers assert that they can "recall their mother singing such and such a verse," which they inclose with the request that the actress sing it on a certain night in "Peter Pan." The request is never refused.

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An old time superstition of the theater is the belief that when an object from the property room is broken at a performance disaster will follow the production unless another article of equal value is broken. Garrick, Macready and a host of other stage celebrities believed in this tradition. So did the late Dan Daly.

During an engagement of the "New Yorkers" company, several years ago, a member of the cast upset, accidentally, one of two small tables on which were placed Japanese vases, perhaps three feet high, and the most valuable properties on the stage. The vase was shattered into fragments. Daly was at the footlights when the crash came, singing a topical song. Instantly he bounded up stage, turned a "flipflap" directly in front of the remaining piece of Japanese ware and overturned it with his feet. And George Lederer had two vases to pay for instead of one, but the production was saved.

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A comedy written by the most versatile of Prussian kings, Frederick the Great, has just been rediscovered. It is entitled "The Faking of Fashion," and is known to have been performed for the first time at the palace of Charlottenburg in 1742. Its principal character is the Marquis of Varidonchere, who claimed to be a strict follower of fashion in all its details. An uncle of his, who wished the relative to marry, succeeded in persuading him that the latest fashion in France was for roues to marry young girls. The nephew did it immediately, choosing his wife from the lowest spheres of society. As a consequence, however, of his having followed his uncle's advice, he was presented with a magnificent villa by his uncle, and there, among the funniest of complications, he awaited to become his uncle's heir, which he realized in the last act. Emperor William is very enthusiastic over the find of a comedy written by his illustrious ancestor, and has ordered its immediate production at the Imperial theater.

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More discoveries in New York! A new emotional actress has struck the town, says the Mail. Not since Margaret Anglin held up that climax in the second act of "Zira" has a woman given forth such sparks of feeling as Odette Tyler is radiating in "The Heart of Maryland" at the Academy. For the big revival of the Belasco drama Miss Tyler was about the last one most managers would have selected for the role of Maryland Calvert, for her career has been identified with light comedy—the opposite of the requirements of this character originated by Mrs. Carter. But Belasco, as usual, knew his business. He lured Miss Tyler from the retirement or her farm at Shepardstown, Va., and he now has in Mrs. Carter, Blanche Bates and Miss Tyler a winning triplet in the way of illustrators of vibrant emotion.

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Modjeska was telling of the players now prominent whose uncertain steps as beginners she had helped to strengthen. "I have made many stars," she said, and sighed, "and so many have gone. Barrymore, he is gone; Haworth—the best father in 'Madga,' a very good Macbeth—" "A fine Hamlet," ventured the interviewer. "He is gone. Taber, 'Bob' Taber, is also gone. Otis Skinner was another, and Robert Mantell. Mary Shaw was another—immensely intelligent woman—she was with us for five years." Georgie Barrymore, Modjeska said, still thinking of the past, had been one of her company, a particularly beloved member. How Lionel and Ethel Barrymore became her and her husband's godchildren she told quaintly. One day the children, out with their mother, walked off by themselves and got lost. It was in New York and Mrs. Barrymore was frantic. She went everywhere that she could think of, then in utter despair found herself on the steps of a church. Modjeska said: "She prayed, 'O God, what shall I do?' and there, just above her, she saw her children. And then she came to me next day. She said, 'I am going to have the children baptized at that church. Will you be godmother?' And so we have our dear godchildren."

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M. Pierre Veber says, in the New York Herald, that the robust old age of M. Sardou knows not failure; the least of his successes continue to be estimable successes. In his new play, "La Piste," one can recognize all the ingenuity of "Les Pattes de Mouches," and the dramatic interest never falters. The plot is as follows: Florence, the divorced wife of Jobelin, remarries with Revillon, whom she adores. Revillon finds an old telegram addressed to Florence, which proves she has been unfaithful to her husband, but the question is, Which husband, the first or the second? Revillon goes to see Jobelin, where he finds his wife, who had come to beg her former husband to say that it was he to whom she had been untrue. Sardou has so entangled the plot that Florence cannot prove her relative innocence, and it is only at the end that this is made clear. The piece is admirably presented by M. Brassen, Mme. Rejane and Mme. Caron in the leading roles.

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If the late lamented William Shakespeare had known Jefferson De Angelis, it might have been suspected that he had the comedian in mind when he wrote about the one man who "in his time played many parts." The star of "Fantana" has acted in almost every clime and kind of play. Fifteen years ago he had a season of melodrama, appearing in the first of those pieces which featured a railroad scene.

"The mechanical device was rather complicated," says Mr. De Angelis, "but the situation was strong and brought roars of applause every time it worked, which wasn't often. I remember that on our first night in San Francisco, an important occasion, the heroine, who was supposed to hew her way through an oaken door in order to pr . my bound and gagged person off the track, broke the ax handle at the critical moment. She tried to kick open the door, but failed. The man who ran the train—an affair of canvas and scantling—mistook the noise for his cue and started on. The locomotive and two day coaches ran over me in full sight of the audience. If I hadn't had a darned fine constitution the play would have ended right there."

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Al Wilson is a singing comedian. Therefore he likes children. He tells many stories of them, and this is one:

"To a little boy there were given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned not to do so.

"'They are poison,' he was told. 'If you eat them it will kill you.'

"However the little boy was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grown up people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally he had a young friend, Richard Howe, to spend the day with him, and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared.

"His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him.

"'Harold, she said, 'where is that pink image?'

"Harold frowned as he answered defiantly:

"'I gave it to Richard Howe, and if he's alive tomorrow I'm going to eat the other one myself.'"

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Of course Sarah Bernhardt's real name is no more Bernhardt than the late Henry Irving's was Irving. Her real surname says the Tatler is Damola, and there are people who say her real Christian name is Rosine Instead of Sarah. If so she must have adopted the more patriarchal and commonplace forename just to show how easily she could lift even the commonplace into the regions of romantic glory. Perhaps, on the other hand, the act was prophetic. The scriptural Sarah played her part in a great tragedy in the tent of Abraham. Her successor plays hers in the tents of Barnum. May she always keep young!

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Eleanor Belding (Ada Russell)—Our engagement is off. Here's your ring and you may send around for your presents.

Tapsley Framington (Bert Coote)—All right; I'll send a wagon around for them in the morning.

Eleanor—Are you going to help to keep my father fast uutil 12 o'clock?

Tapsley—I didn't even know your father was loose.

Tapsley—Horton, you're a scoundrel. You're worse than a scoundrel—you're a lobster.

Rice—If I get dot money I gif you some.

Cady—How much iss some?

Rice—Some is twice as much as noddings.

Cady—Vot you tink I am?

Rice—De tings vot you are sound better ven dey are not spoken.

Cady—I vant my poy, Heine, to haf so much edilumcation dot ven he speaks nopoty vill understands him.

Rice—Den vy don't you keep him at home and teach him yourself?

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A. G. Hales, the war correspondent, writing in London Opinion and Today, on the unequal talent to be found in the house of commons, tells a story he heard of a coxcomb who was once mistaken for Bernard Shaw. He and Mr. Shaw were once in the same Turkish bath, lying on slabs with towels over their faces. The attendant came along and touched the coxcomb on the shoulder. "Ready, Mr. Shaw?" he said. The coxcomb bounded to his feet, all aglow with pleasure at being mistaken for a man of intellect. After he had been rubbed down he gave the attendant half a sovereign, for so full was he of the pride that goeth before a fall. As he turned to go he said: "Er—my man—er—what made you mistake me for Bernard Shaw?" The attendant grinned. "Er—well, sir, you see, sir, you 'ave the same sized feet."

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A lay-over at a junction in Pennsylvania by "The Grafter" company this season led Hap Ward, the star of the organization, to take a stroll up the main street of the hamlet and into the office of the leading hotel. The proprietor was an elderly man, slow of speech, and serious of look. To him Ward put the following questions:

"Is this a good show town?"

"I guess so. I never go to the opery myself."

"What did you have here last?"

"I forgit. Bill," to clerk behind desk, "what's the name of the last opery we had in town?"

"Huh?"

"What's the name of the last opery we had in town?"

Bill, after mature deliberation:

"The learnt pig."

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Nat M. Wills, after a strenuous day in Toronto this season, which included a matinee and wound up with an evening performance and a session at the Press club, was glad to seek his pillow. He was awakened several hours later by a loud knocking at his door.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Wills.

Voice from outside, "It's 5 o'clock."

"What's that?"

"Five o'clock."

"Well, what of it? I left no call."

Voice from outside: "Somebody did, sir."

"Then, why the deuce," yelled the thoroughly enraged Wills, "don't you go and give it to the person who left it? Do you think that I am dishonest enough to take another man's call just because you are fool enough to offer it to me?"

Mr. Wills vows that in the future he will wear earlaps while sleeping in Canada.

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Joseph Jefferson was a strong believer in early marriages, and he never missed an opportunity to impress his convictions upon young men. In an address at Yale he said:

"I abominate bachelors. The older they grow the more conceited they become. I was talking to one and I asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"'You are in danger of getting left,' I said to him. 'You had better hurry up before it is too late.'

"'Oh,' said the bachelor, 'there are just as good fish left in the sea.'

"'I know that,' I said, 'but the bait—isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?'"

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"Sanga," a lyric drama by Isidore de Lara, has just been produced at Nice, and is declared by the critics, many of whom were down from Paris for the opening night, to be superior to D'Annunzio's "Daughter of Jorio," which it somewhat resembles in theme.

"Sanga" is a pastoral drama, dealing with the love of a farmer's son for a young girl who works on the farm. This girl, Sanga, is an outcast who has been sheltered by the family. The boy's father wishes him to marry some one else and drives the girl from the house. She takes refuge in the mountains. A storm breaks over the valley, which is flooded, and Sanga's lover, with his father and fiancee, take refuge on the roof of the farmhouse. Sanga comes with a boat and drags her lover to safety, leaving the two others to perish. The young man, however, is indignant, and, in a sudden burst of hatred against the girl, whom he had so passionately loved, he flings her into the water, and in so doing is himself drowned.

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Harry Bulger, with Pixley & Luders' "Woodland," tells the story of an actor who was the subject of discussion among his friends on account of frequent embroglios with his wife. The last report that had reached them was to the effect that his wife had left him in anger. When he next showed up he was covered with scars, but denied the report that his wife had divorced him, stating that she had embraced him with great warmth, covering him with flowers—in fact, literally pelting him with roses—but, he added, "she forgot to cut off the stems."

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The late Will McConnell was an actor in the days when salaries were low and productions cheap. The one member of his company who owned costumes worth having was E. H. Sothern, then a very young man, who, when he came to this country, had been elaborately fitted out by his father. Mr. McConnell borrowed from Mr. Sothern so constantly that, in relating the story just before his death, he remarked: "Honestly, Sothern had about the finest wardrobe I ever owned."

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At a dinner recently Chauncey Olcott had this to say of the average French that is spoken by the Americans:

"It may be epitomized in the story of a girl in Paris who met a French woman at the Ritz and took tea with her. Afterward she got in her carriage at the Place Vendome and her companion said enviously:

"'I suppose you had a lovely time with that French lady? I suppose you got on famously in conversation?'

"'Well,' said the girl complacently, she understood what she said and I understood what I said.'"

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The success of a play on what is known as the "road" is supposed to depend to a considerable extent upon its prosperity on Broadway, New York, and none of the arts of its manager is so delicate as that of eking out its run there with a good showing in the house, says the Saturday Evening Post. The man in the box office does much by giving seats in the parquet for gallery prices and then scattering the audience over as much of the auditorium as possible. When play-goers find the balcony empty they may make a pretty sure guess as to the reason.

Sometimes it is hard to get even enough people to scatter. The first resort is to those who advertise in the programme—a device which, if used in moderation, tends to make advertising popular. It is when this is exhausted that the chief difficulty arises. The deadheads must not be drawn from the general public, for this would cut off possible buyers, and, what is worse, give away the fact that the play was in distress. For a long time the managers sent tickets to the department stores with the stipulation that they should be given out as if a gratuity from the employers.

Latterly the managers have taken to sending the tickets to the fashionable shops on Fifth avenue—the employes in which are supposed to be better mannered and better dressed—with the stipulation that the salesmen and saleswomen should wear the clothes in which they did business. But here, too, there was a stumbling block. The victims rebelled against being sent to "rotten" shows, saying that their evenings were their own to do what they wanted.

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During a recent talk Julia Marlowe made some interesting revelations regarding the modern and the old plays. "Of the two," confessed Miss Marlowe, "I would much rather appear in a play of the present period than in the comedies and dramas that were written some hundreds of years ago. In the modern plays you use the language to which you are accustomed in everyday life. You go to your milliner or to your dressmaker and order hats and gowns that are entirely modern, for these will fit the role you play. All you have to do is to give your order for gowns of a certain kind—dinner, opera, breakfast or walking dresses—with hats to match, provided you wear hats at any time during the action of the piece. Then you study your part as you would read an interesting book, and before you know it you are ready for the first performance.

"Not so with the old plays. You are compelled to use a language in them to which you are not accustomed. It is essential that you become thoroughly acquainted with the style of composition of the old authors, in order that you may convey to your audience as intelligently as modern language would do just what you are speaking of. It is really a hard task to do this. Then you are compelled to make researches in order to be certain that your hats and gowns are correct so far as the period in which the action of the play is laid is concerned. Then there are a hundred and one other little things to be attended to that don't bother you in modern plays. Oh, yes, modern plays have a distinct advantage for the player—but there are not so many of them that are good as to allow us to drop the old ones."

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Blanche Walsh has solved the problem of preventing members of her company from "talking shop."

It all came about because a troupe of blonde exponents of the anatomical opera boarded the train in which Miss Walsh and her company were seated. Remarks about "the next stand," "last night after the show," "I'm going to the Palace; it's a dollar double," were wafted down the aisle.

"We all do too much of that sort of thing," exclaimed Miss Walsh to Eleanor Carey, who is her stage mother in Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case." "It is such companies as that one ahead of us that are responsible for the popular idea of what an actress looks like and acts like. Still, even the professionals are apt to talk more than they realize they do about such things—things that, it seems to me, they should be only too glad to forget when away from the theater."

"Let's form a society for the suppression of our identity," said Miss Carey.

"I'll tell you a better scheme," replied John B. Reynolds, the acting manager. "I will get up a list of offenses and fines for mentioning the stage or anything connected with it during our trip to Boston. We'll use the money for a trip to Bunker Hill."

All agreed, and soon a typewritten copy of the following notice was handed to each member:

Offenses and fines—Speaking of "What a favorite I am in—," 5 cents; "Great criticisms I have mislaid," 8 cents; "Me and Irving," 20 cents; "How much better I play the part than the last one did," 15 cents; "The unfairness of dramatic critics," 2 cents; "Managers who want to star me," 30 cents; familiar references to "Charlie" Frohman, "Abe" Erlanger, "Dave" Belasco, "Bill" Brady and other personal friends in the business, 10 cents; "He is all right in the part, but—," 25 cents; mention of salary offered and declined, offenses overlooked because such culprits usually need the money; "Nothing but a Broadway engagement for the next season," 20 cents; "How I introduced coster songs fourteen years before Chevalier," 15 cents; the use of such words as stage, dressing room, theater, matinee, acts and show, 5 cents for each offense.

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Harry Bulger, principal comedian with Pixley & Luders' "Wonderland," tells a story of a crabbed individual who was greatly annoyed by a piano in the flat overhead. He complained to his friends. A mutual acquaintance met him the next day and asked for an explanation of his satisfied smile. Said he:

"For the first time in my life I am delighted to hear my neighbor's piano going."

"Has the performer gotten a new selection?"

"I should say so. I heard the installment man taking it away."

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Kyrle Bellew is responsible for the statement that Liebler & Co. are planning a circuit of western cities, with headquarters in St. Louis, and including Kansas City and St. Paul, which that firm will control for the purpose of playing a six weeks' engagement in each of their theatres instead of one, in order to give the public time to get acquainted with a good attraction and patronize it accordingly.

AS PETER FRED W. MACE — Pouffle Piff! Paff! Pouf! Co.

R. E. GRAHAM AS AUGUST MELON — Piff! Paff! Pouf! Co